

thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Psalm 150:8. Dear reader, this includes you and me. Are we now "making melody in our hearts to the Lord, praising God, and rejoicing in the Lord alway?" Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day. Psalm 71:8. Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. Psalm 34:3.

Written for the benefit of some soul who may find a crumb of comfort in a word of God herein contained. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Psalm 103:2.

Home Circle

Take Heart

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past my window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time;
She died when dropping the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime,
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The blue-bird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'er blown
Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown
To greet thee in the immortal year.

—Edna Dean Proctor.

How to Save Your Sons

Lutheran Observer.

The mother who studies and comprehends the restless, aggressive nature of her growing boys will understand something of what is necessary upon her part if she is to save them from forsaking their home for demoralizing influences and evil companionships. Mothers ought to understand the nature of developing manhood. A writer in one of the magazines says: "It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have

so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever."

Our Umbrellas

Forward

It was raining hard, and Miss Matilda, looking from her window, saw two school-girls hurrying homeward under umbrellas. "Look at those silly youngsters!" Miss Matilda said. "They fancy they're not wet. They're bent forward, and hold their umbrellas quite over their noses, while the rain pours down on their backs. But they don't know that, bless you! It's dry in front, and they don't see what is going on behind them. They make me think of some people I know, who are so intent on saving the great world out in front that they forget the mischief that is going on right back of them—in their own homes, may be."

"I read in a paper the other day high praise of a talk given before a mothers' club on the 'Moral Training of Children.' The woman who gave it is a good earnest soul, and has some fine theories, but she hasn't the least suspicion of what any of the neighbors could tell her about the moral training her two boys are needing. Her moral umbrella is a good one, but she isn't holding it in the right place."

"I'm not saying anything against outside work," concluded Miss Matilda, "but I've always thought it was sensible advice that Nehemiah gave his men: each to build and watch over against his own house."

Strong Home Ties

Mrs. M. A. Holt.

Home ties, in the majority of instances, might be made much stronger than they are. Those who rule over the home often have more power than they are aware of possessing, to refine and elevate every influence connected with the life hidden in the temple of home.

It is always possible to make home ties strong, pure and beautiful. It matters not how lowly and humble the home may be, for it can hold the nameless something that makes it the dearest, brightest spot in the whole world. Even poverty and affliction have not the power to destroy the sweet charm which lingers like an unseen angel in the true home.

Any habitation that is filled with love, cheerfulness and parental tenderness will have such a strong tie binding heart to heart and soul to soul that loved ones will be conscious of its power always. A loving regard for each other is the golden link in the home tie which will remain bright and beautiful

long after the parents have been borne to the old cemetery.

Many a life might have been saved to virtue and purity, if the home ties had been a little stronger; and multitudes of weary wanderers out in the great sinning world would gladly go back to the old home, if they were certain that there were arms longing to clasp them, and lips to say, "God bless you!"

Yes, the home tie in its true strength is very strong. It holds the soul forever bound to the "four walls" between which the feet danced and pattered in life's glad morning. It reaches across lonely oceans and continents, and sweetly binds the wandering one to the sunny native valley.

Parents make the home tie strong and far-reaching. Let threads of gold gleam in it, made of love and a sweet spirit. Then "father and mother" will fulfill their true mission, and their names will be an inspiration to the lives of those committed into their keeping. Make the home tie strong, and the journey to the greater, holier home will be a surety; and the blessing which touched the soul in life's bright morning will widen out into eternal glory.

The Tallest Cow in the World

Selected.

What would you think if you were told of a cow fifty or a hundred feet high? You would say that it was a naughty story? that no cows ever grew so high as that. Perhaps you live in a large city and are a cousin to the little city girl who, on visiting the country and seeing the cows milked, said she thought it was so much nicer to get milk out of a big bright can. She did not know that the milk from the cans had first to come from the cows. And perhaps you do not know that in a country in South America there is a tree called the milk-tree. In the proper season, when the tree is pierced, there flows out a rich creamy milk, pleasant to the taste and very nutritious. The natives go out with buckets and bring it in in large quantities for themselves and their children. The tree belongs to the bread fruit family, and the milk which flows from it forms a valuable article of food.

Solitude

Philadelphia Ledger.

The need of solitude is beginning to be recognized by those who note the frightful waste of force that results from incessant companionship, and wise was the woman who, when addressing a graduating class of girls lately, recommended that each of the young women who pursued the calling of teacher should have a room to herself. All women and girls—and for that matter men also—who are engaged in occupations that tax the mental powers, should be able to command solitude and quiet for the leisure hours, and herein lies a sharp contrast between the possibilities of the comfortably circumstanced and the rich, on one side, and the poor on the other—the attainment of